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LONDON WINDOWS



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LONDON WINDOWS

BY ETHEL TALBOT



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TO

“JOHN O’ LONDON”

[WILFRID WHITTEN, Esq.]

PROPHET and priest of this great wilderness,
Clear-eyed, among these blind and toiling herds,
You paint, along the hems of London’s dress,
With loving hand, the gold of noble words.

You took from her a name and give again
More than a name, a rich heart’s heritage,
Tales of a noble city’s joy and pain,
To grow within our hearts from age to age.



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CHANT ROYAL OF WINTER LONDON

CHANGE grieves the streets that we have
known so long

And loved so well ; now in the gathering
grey

Gaunt shapes arise, an unfamiliar throng.

For scarce the pallid presages of day
Made luminous the East, when mist unbound
Her shadowy shrouding veil, wherewith she
wound

The city in the likeness of a pall,

To hide therein some doom, unseen of all.

For the strange air is heavy with false
night,

The noon is of grey silence bound in
thrall ;

Only upon the river dwells the light.

Hold fast the golden hours ye glide among,
Ye light-of-heart, that with the fond hours
play,
Lest traitorously Death, with brazen gong,
Your banquet and your festival betray.
Not all the clamour and laughter above
ground
Breaks the deep silence of the sleeping-
mound,
Love your light loves, laugh and forget
withal,
And warily old creeping Time forestall :
The lights die down ; make haste your
troths to plight,
Ere the last music dies from the last
ball ;—
Only upon the river dwells the light.

Out of the ominous midnight of their
wrong
Cry the life-haters, fallen in the fray—
Red life the pitiless, helper of the strong,
Has trodden us underfoot to be his prey.

Now shameful in the light our rags are
found,

And this our grief their laughter serves to
hound

From street to street in London ; through
the wall

The river calls on us : " No voice to brawl
Breaks on my silence : " Hushed in half-
affright

We hear, deep down, the sullen waters
call ;

" Only upon the river dwells the light."

Now the brown leaves lie dead, nor any
song

Gives token of some wandering estray
Forlornly sweet on the bare branches' prong,
Save the brown bird of London ; not for
pay

Of any flower-coronal set round
The head of alien summer ; nor for stound
Of bitter winds he flieth ; let befall
What may, he weaveth his poor madrigal.

He is the winter's rapturous acolyte,
Till, when the dusk obscures the plane-
trees tall,
Only upon the river dwells the light.

Dark days of middle winter, know, ere long,
The year looks down upon the Silent
Way ;

The great bells mournfully—"Ding-dong,
Ding-dong,"

Moan "For the year that passeth, come
and pray."

And the still city, rapt, without one sound,
Hears the slow footsteps of old years un-
crowned

Walking in shadows without interval :

These that have loved the pleasant things
and small

That made their town, and are forgotten
quite,

Whispering like autumn leaves ; at even-
fall

Only upon the river dwells the light.

L'ENVOI

London, that broodest over tower and hall,
Crowned with red rose and cypress funeral,
There is no man shall read thine eyes
aright,
Nor spell the music of thy festival ;
Only upon the river dwells the light.

SUMMER UNDERGROUND

A boy came into the Tube with roses,
Roses, roses, fragrant and red ;
We were many, our hearts were dead,
Half asleep, as a dead man dozes,
Earth at his feet and earth at his head.
But a boy came into the Tube with roses,
Crimson roses, dewy with rain,
He was ragged and round and smiling,
He looked up with an air beguiling,
“Will ye buy roses?”—Oh, we were fain—
They were fragrant, fragrant and red.
Then we waked, we were living again,
We came suddenly back from the dead,
For a boy came into the Tube with roses,
Crimson roses, dewy with rain.

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT. NIGHT

THE butterfly about the humming light
Dancing the dance of death, circles and
spins,
And madly wails 'cross the listening night
The thin shrill music of the violins.

Fair women through the music and the song
With bright soft eyes and swift-intaken
breath
With laughter speed the silver hours along;—
These revellers also dance the dance of
death.

With silence and slow breathing, through
the rain,
Dark shadows through the darkness of
the street,
Reading the Sphinx's riddle—and in vain—
These dance the dance of death with shuf-
fling feet.

THE SONG OF LONDON STONES

HERE's a good town to live in,
A bad town to die in,
A good town to forget, forgive in,
A bad town to sigh in.

If you love yourself, my dear,
Live here with laughter,
They'll bury you with one day's tear,
Never weep you after.

If you love your fellow-men,
Never come near us,
The tears will harry your heart in twain
To see and to hear us.

If you love the soul in you,
Come to us at your peril,
Keep your vision whole in you,
And hide your eyes of beryl.

If you are a man of men,
Come to us then for ever,
And love the London rain,
Falling in the river.

If you are a woman of women,
Come to us then for ever,
And watch the sea-gulls swim in
The glowing sunset river.

Bear the burden and bear the toil
And look for beauty only,
Love your love through stain and soil,
You will never be lonely.

Come when noon is glorious
In the golden river,
And you shall leave your heart with us
For ever and for ever.

A WATCHER IN THE RAIN

THE silver lances of the rain
 Gleamed on the street,
Through the darkness, through the stain,
 Pashed the horses' feet.

Folk hurried through the damps
 Homeward to their desire ;
The long line of the lamps
 Freaked the night with fire.

Through the mirk night she paced,
 Grey dreams she wove ;
Her thoughts the wheels outraced,
 Hurrying to her love.

Under the lamps—in vain—
 Night showed her fair,
The pale radiance of the rain
 Glimmered in her hair.

Shadow and light on every face,
But hopeless hope on hers—
O laggard lover, without place
In all these wayfarers !

Garishly the lamps above
Lighted her patient pain—
Alas for all the loves that love
And are not loved again !

A BALLAD OF LONDON

YOUNG hope was all his load,
All for to win renown,
He tramped along the road
That leads to London town.

He saw the golden sun
Upon the green-grass places,
He saw the children run
Across the open spaces.

Where pass the myriad feet
He heard loud laughters ring—
The throbbing city street
It made his heart to sing.

He dwelt in London town
A twelvemonth and a day ;
He saw the lights die down,
The river running grey.

He saw the leaden sun
Strike o'er the dim, dark places,
And wan white children run
Between the narrow spaces.

The sounding, mirthless street
Kept him o' nights awake ;
The weary wandering feet
Made his great heart to ache.

The years grew old and grey,
He took not his farewell,
For London's night and day
Had bound him with a spell.

Sweet-voiced, oh, siren-voiced,
He heard her call with gladness,
Yet he that so rejoiced
Went out from her in sadness.

He tramped in hodden grey,
All for to lay him down,
Along the weary way
That leads from London town.

A VIGNETTE

IN London at the break of day

The dawn-wind blows about the door ;
Grey are the roofs, the sky is grey,
Winds whisper in the sycamore.

IN London at the beat of noon

There is no light of winter sun ;
The horses' hoofs keep chiming tune,
Now heavy hangs the air, and dun.

IN London at the fall of night

Cold blows the night-wind through the
street ;
White is the sky, the river white,
And weary the unresting feet.

When London sleeps with quiet breath,

The sad feet falter not, nor stay—
Strong men keep watch for wakeful Death,
Who walks the river road till day.

A SONG IN EXILE

I DREAMED a dream, when toil was over,
Dreamed of the milk-white cliffs of Dover
 Across the Channel foam ;
Stretch out thy hands in fear and pity,
Stretch out thy hands, O London city,
 To draw thy vassal home.

Now let the cities marble-walled
With pomp of rose and emerald,
 Flare down their shining way,
But I will spread my homing sail
Wide to the buffets of the gale
 That blows by Portsmouth bay.

I leave the triumph and the feast,
The argent splendours of the East,
 The twilight of the West ;

From Southern wizardries and spells,
From lordly Northern citadels,
I would come home to rest.

Home, where through murky winter air
The fountains whisper in the Square—
Ah, for the shouting street,
The grey spires shining after rain,
And the broad sunset red again,
Beyond the roofs of Fleet.

O name in all men's mouths for ever !
O Queen enthroned above thy river,
Where the tide-wrack runs down,
Queen London, spare thy laggard lover
A little earth his bones to cover
At last, in London town.

ON THE BRIDGE

UP the river the wild birds flying
Call and answer with scornful crying :
“ In the city the tired winds dying
 Blow in from the barren sea.”

Cries the curlew and cries the plover :
“ London’s thrall is a foolish lover,
Dust the light of his eyes shall cover—
 Break your bonds, and be free ! ”

I lean over the bridge at leisure,
Life runs by to a dancing measure,
Life runs by with its toil and pleasure—
 Ships go down to the sea.

Great ships come with a goodly burden,
All the spoil of the seas for guerdon,
Torn grey sails that the wind hath stirred in
 Bear the ships from the sea.

Strangers wander with hopeless faces,
Golden men of the ancient races,
Dwellers out of desolate places
Come with the ships from sea.

Here's unlading of shining bales
'Scaped from a thousand shattering gales,
Here, with a multitude of sails
Ships come in from the sea.

The wings of the sea-gulls beat and quiver,
And the lordly traffic of London river
Under the bridges winds for ever,
Rolling down to the sea.

THE SYCAMORE IN LONDON

INTO the smoke it rears its head,
With four walls fenced around,
With dust and ashes for its bed,
And no green garden-ground.

The field-man loves the sturdy oak
That grows in English woods,
Where once red battles rose and broke
On the dim solitudes.

The seaman loves the elm-tree bole
That through the surges dips,
And wins herself a close-writ scroll
Of fair and famous ships.

Scant love the sycamore has won
By meadow-land and down,
Yet earns the townsman's benison,
Growing in London town.

Over its head in endless throng
The foul grey vapours beat,
Under its branches all day long
Go by the trampling feet.

Beneath its boughs the children play,
It waves above their door
Its dusty leaves by night and day,
The brave green sycamore.

THE PAGEANT OF HYDE PARK

(Pantoum)

HERE's all the fashion of the town !

How wide the country cousins stare !
Cantering, driving up and down,
They come and go. " 'Tis like a fair."

How wide the country cousins stare
At Paris fashions flashing past.
They come and go, 'tis like a fair,
The tide of life flows on so fast.

At Paris fashions flashing past
The pale girls droop their eyelids wan,
The tide of life flows on so fast,
They may not wait, they must go on.

The pale girls droop their eyelids wan,
Time will not tarry, time will not rest,
They may not wait, they must go on,
Life is a dirge, life is a jest.

Time will not tarry, time will not rest,
The gazers pass, the crowd goes by,
Life is a dirge, life is a jest,
When the night comes, the noise will die.

The gazers pass, the crowd goes by,
Fainter the echo from the street,
When the night comes, the noise will die ;
Silently go the wanderers' feet.

Fainter the echo from the street,
Where that tumultuous life surged by,
Silently go the wanderers' feet,
In yielding grass the wanderers lie.

Where that tumultuous life surged by,
Where the glad-hearted children played,
In yielding grass the wanderers lie,
These evil things the night has made.

Where the glad-hearted children played,
The crushed grass lifts to greet the day,
These evil things the night has made,
Must with the morning flee away.

The crushed grass lifts to greet the day,
The slow, sad steps of dreamy night
Must with the morning flee away,
And joy comes on with feet of light.

The slow, sad steps of dreamy night
Pass with the children's waking shout,
And joy comes on with feet of light,
And all the world is up and out.

Pass, with the children's waking shout,
Playing and toiling, all's begun
And all the world is up and out
To labour in the summer sun.

Playing and toiling, all's begun,
Changing, as in a turning-glass,
To labour in the summer sun,
So, all the day they come and pass.

Changing, as in a turning-glass,
Cantering, driving up and down :
So, all the day they come and pass,
Here's all the fashion of the town.

FROM A WINDOW

OH, sing to me, for of love am I weary—
sing!

And shall I make you a ballad of swords
that ring?

Nay, the wounds of your battle are long
grown cold,

I would hear the song of life before I am
old.

I will sing you a fair and a noble thing,
The love of a great Princess and a knightly
King,

Nay, I am sick to death of fair princesses,
Languidly moving in pearl and velvet
dresses,

The songs you sing me are sad and far-
away,

Look from the window, minstrel, sing me
to-day.

I see a child with a burden too heavy to
bear,

I see a tired woman, ragged and fair,
The stain of evil searing her beautiful face.

I hear the murmur of those borne down in
the race,

Formless out of the darkness, and none to
hear.

Stealthily walking, the white-lipped spirit
of Fear

Cries in the ear of the people, day and night.

Over the wakeful city, wanly the light

Of the moon is quenched in the hissing glare
of the arc,

And the evil things that leap to life in the
dark

Move lurking into their corners—Nay, no
more—

The pitiless river rolls to the pitiless shore,
Grey with its smoke and the grey skies over-
head,

And the crown that London wears is a crown
of lead,

Heavy—and grey with the dust her white
robes are.

Bid me to sing you the wonderful far-off star,
And all the echoing music the lost days make,
I sing of life no longer—lest our hearts break.

THREE POEMS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

TWO POEMS TO THE MOURNING WOMAN (*Phigaleian Room*)

I.

O THOU fair woman, weeping all alone,
Girt round by living stone,
Young gods and beautiful temples over-
thrown—
Dost thou lament for these,
So fallen from the kingdoms of their pride :
The foam of alien seas
Between them and the lands wherein they
died ?
Rich lands, fulfilled with splendour and the
sun,
Now is their pride fordone.

Nay, not for these
Droops down the pitiful rondure of thy
 mouth,
And thy cold hands are shrouded up for grief,
And thine eyes fall for sorrow ; in the South
Thy season of love was brief.
Surely for this one lover thou dost weep,
That he is fallen on sleep.

Alas !
Long since his bones did pass,
Flakes of blown dust upon the burial hill,
Yet thou lamentest still.
Yea, one might weep as it were yesterday—
A thousand years away—
This sorrow fell on thee.
Seeing thy glorious hair divide each way,
Thy beautiful mouth, thine eyes,
Set in such mournful wise,
Carven in stone to be
Bound in the pitiless chains of immortality.

II.

ON her monument, still and sweet,
With quiet hands and quiet feet,
And sad eyes looking quietly,
Can ye regard her, and not guess
At the tumultuous-thoughted sea
Raging within her peacefulness ?
Under that placid brow of hers,
What sorrows and what mysteries ?
Yea, though the drooped mouth never stirs
For all the splendid pageantries
That follow each other through her brain,
Each one a conqueror's funeral train.
Over and over her lips say—
He whom I love is gone away,
Over and over her heart said,
He whom I love is dead, is dead ;
Yea, no word more she needs for grief,
Over and over without relief,

The sad leaves fall, the dead leaves cover
Over the buried lips of my lover.
So will she make lament alone,
Eternal sorrow robed in stone.

III.

FROM THE EGYPTIAN ROOM

A THOUSAND years we feasted with the dead,
Night after night we saw the watch-fires lit
To cleave the dark with yellow flame and
red—

And never a man of men had word of it.

The Arab still his ancient pathway took,
Soft-footed and incurious through the
waste,

Passed—in our secret chambers did not look,
And of our secret food forbore to taste.

Now men with foolish faces and strange lips
Intrude upon our desert solitude,
And in between the dark sails of the ships
A woman's laughter wakes us where we
brood.

The painted symbols of our mysteries
Are made the wonder of an alien tongue,
And, eager-eyed, men trace the histories
Of passions burned out when the earth
was young.

Man rives from us our silence and our
sleep,
Man mocks our evil and our good denies :
We, in the sombre treasure-house they keep,
Gaze on futility with amber eyes.

The little busy people that live now,
Their white arms have no strength, they
are not wise,
But the old hate is graven on their brow,
And the old passion riots in their eyes.

The eternal dream lives in their hearts again,
They cherish yet the old elusive bliss,
Through the sad streets, under the London
rain,
As once we dreamed in Heliopolis.

LOVERS IN LONDON

THE land of heart's desire,
With divine desire sweet—
Its flowers of golden fire
Are fading under our feet.

Under our careless feet
The golden flowers die,
We through the wonderful street,
So carelessly go by.

So carelessly go by
Our harried, hateful days,
And the golden hours fly
Down the untrodden ways.

The faint hours go their ways,
In long robes rose and green,
Fair faces out of the haze,
Little grey wings unseen.

Unseen of us, unseen,
 Their beautiful songs unknown,
Sad for what has not been
 We go our ways alone.

Eternally alone
 Trample our wayward feet,
Yet the Rose-God rears his throne
 In the midmost of the street.

With feet that never tire,
 Handfast, sweet whisperers,
Glad for the unseen lyre,
 Go by Love's worshippers.

Under their feet arise
 Young flowers of golden fire ;
They wander with shining eyes
 Through the city of heart's desire.

THE NIGHT OF DREAMS

WHEN a man's sick in London,
And lies awake at nights,
He sees the soul of London
Change with the changing lights.

For when the morning glimmers
Between the chimneys tall,
Then from her dreaming, London
Wakes pale and virginal.

There is a veil upon her,
A radiance round her feet,
And the young eyes of London
Shine mistily and sweet.

But when the noon comes, London
Forgets the joy she had,
She is a toiling woman,
In sombre raiment clad.

No care she has for guerdon
Of loveliness outspread,
All day she bears a burden
That she may eat her bread.

The sunset comes on London
Before she is aware,
And wakens out of darkness
The gold lights in her hair.

Her eyes are full of mysteries,
Her tender mouth above—
And for a little hour she is
A woman worthy love.

.
The diamond lights of London
Make starry her bold eyes,
Her cloudy hair is as a veil
To wreathe her as she flies—

White jewels on her naked limbs—
With laughter through the rout :
But one by one her jewels fall,
Her beauty flickers out.

In the dead hour when darkness
Goes wanly down the west—
London, that tired woman,
Creeps wearily to rest.

.

When a man's sick in London,
And lies awake at nights,
He sees the soul of London
Change with the changing lights.

THE LONDON WINDS

THE North wind in London blows,
Cold from the eternal snows,
The North wind in London saith,
Chill it is in the House of Death.

The East wind in London blows
Over all its gaudy shows.
Cries the grey wind from the East :
My hands for Famine spread the feast.

The South wind in London blows,
His clear wings are flushed with rose,
The South wind in London sings—
The air is full of sea-gulls' wings.

The West wind in London blows,
On silver feet the West wind goes.
The West wind folds his argent wings
Cradled with lovers' murmurings.

THE BURDEN OF THE DAY

GREY it is and sad it is,
While the long hours beat,
London among her mysteries
Walks with naked feet.

Bowed down with grief and pain,
London walks alone,
All day long the patient rain
Hammers on the stone.

The rain falls all day long
On the noisy street ;
And the great wave of London's wrong
Washes London's feet.

All her white lights are out,
Shining in the river,
Going downward through the rout
Where the sea-winds shiver.

A white face in the river reeds,
Looking at the sky,
Never a heart in London heeds,
Though a man die.

A white face in the street,
Wearily looking down,
London's rest is no less sweet
Though a woman drown.

The dead men jostle each other
In the living street,
The brother passes his brother,
Their eyes do not meet.

O, fair she is and sad she is,
Down the shimmering street,
London among her mysteries
Walks with naked feet.

A LONDON LOVE SONG

THE yellow sun rides up the sky
And the gold-shimmering heat
Beats up the white dust fervently,
Under the horses' feet.

Ah, dear my heart, the long day's here,
And thou not near, and thou not near.

"Fresh strawberries, fine strawberries,"
Half-heard above the crowd,
In the fields where they gathered these,
Perhaps a lark sang loud.

Ah, dear my heart, here's noon-tide come,
And thou so far, so far from home.

The amber sun goes downward swift,
Into the Thames dips he,
Out with the tide the sea-gulls drift,
White-winged, towards the sea.

Ah, dear my heart, here ends the day,
And thou so far, so far away.

Over the warehouse palaces
The first faint stars come out,
A thousand voices through the trees
Sound, murmurous, from the rout.
Ah, dear my heart, now time should creep,
So near in sleep, so near in sleep.

RAIN AT NIGHT

THE rain drives in my face,
The wind whips my hair,
Sodden-footed, without grace,
Homeward I fare.

Homeward I fare again,
On my lips like wine
Falls the spring-scented rain ;
The wet streets shine.

The wind stings my face,
The rain's in my hair,
Ladies gather up their lace,
And veil their shoulders bare.

Their proud wheels flashing by
Splash upon the stone,
Under the windy sky
I walk alone.

Rivers and rivulets of light
Glitter in the wet,
Happily through the night
My homeward feet are set.

In lines the falling rain
Gleams like silver lances,
And like gypsy-girls from Spain
In the road-way dances.

Who'd ride when limbs are strong,
And heart has no pain ?
Whispering, I sing my heart a song
For love o' the rain.

A LONDON FIRE

HE rises up, the crimson King,
Draws on his mantle stealthily,
And a low song begins to sing,
In his gold crown ariseth he.

Strongly he girds his sword upon,
And his red flowers burst into bloom :
The wind his comrade speeds him on :—
But there's a clamour in the room—

A wild voice crying in the street—
(The King puts all his armour on.)
A sudden army of trampling feet—
(The King into the war is gone.)

Ho ! Stand aside there ! Stand away !
The great horse-hoofs beat high, beat
higher,
Now stands the crimson King at bay,
Fire ! Who dares confront King Fire !

The wind King shouts the shouts above,
In silver armour fighteth he,
Hither and thither as Fire will move,
He guides his sword-arm secretly.

Ho ! Stand aside there, stand away !
The red King falls, his comrade's fled,
His crimson robe is flecked with grey,
White ashes on his crownless head.

Dishonoured creeps he from the fight,
(Ho ! Stand aside !) The street's all grey.
The sky has lost its spectral light,
The plunging horse-hoofs die away.

THE FRIDAY MARKET

Rag Fair, the meeting-place of all London's itinerant
rag-and-bone men.

OLD ray-a-bone, they cry, ol' ray-a-bone,
All the day, all the week, from door to
door,

The echo of their crying evermore
Makes my heart weep, whenas I sit alone.
Old ray-a-bone, they cry, ol' ray-a-bone.

And here, in strange dishevelled heaps they
lie,

This pitiful driftage of poor human things,
Old torn silk dresses and old gaudy rings,
Rusty and broken and forlorn of fate.

Here is the toy some mother dared not
keep,

So dear, so dreadful grew its sight to her,

And here, with sequin shining, edged
with fur,
The dress of some young dancer, fallen on
sleep.

Old books their buyers spared and starved
to win

The unregarding finger puts aside,
And here—old ray-a-bone—long since he
died

Whose broken skull, unmirthfully a-grin,

Stares at the passers from his scattered
bones

Unburied on the pave. Perhaps he was
A feaster from this old carved drinking-
glass

That glitters here beside him on the stones.

If one should take this great key, red with
rust,

Rub, till the bright clean metal gleamed
anew,

Find the old door, unlock it and go
through,
What ghosts would rise and gibber from the
dust.

Hitherward blow the winds of vanity,
All things warm hearts once loved and
laid away,
New cold hands bring out to the mourn-
ful day,
Heart's wreckage, jetsam of humanity,

Old ray-a-bone, they cry, ol' ray-a-bone.
So, when I sit in my own room alone,
I am sad to think how sometimes, strangers'
feet
Will bare my treasures to the open street.
Old ray-a-bone they'll be, ol' ray-a-bone.

SATURDAY NIGHT

Out of the theatre doors they crowd
 Laughing into the street,
Young fair women, jewelled and proud,
 With delicate twinkling feet.

Under the closed glass doors they lie,
 Huddled together, asleep,
Breathing gin—there is warmth in it,
 Women—worse sheltered than sheep.

O sleek and smooth-browed clergyman,
 Under your shovel hat,
A quiver over your features ran,
 You had no words for that.

Disgustfully you look away—
 These are of evil life—
'Twere well they hid their faces grey
 From your white daughter and wife.

They'll serve you at matins. Fair ladies
will sigh

Over the trouble and pain
Of these, your sisters beloved, who lie
Shivering in the rain.

NEAR HYDE PARK

MIDNIGHT TO DAWN

NIGHT.

In the street,
Innumeraably blent, the noises beat
Round the great lake of silence, and the light
Tread of the homeward feet
Passes and dies, and leaves
Only the shuffling tread
Of the grey forms that onward with bent head
Move, through the shadowy darkness that
receives

Each, without questioning,
Under the pitying shadow of her wing.
And, last,
With golden lights and laughter and soft thud
Of powerful engines chirring through the
mud,

The latest motor's past.
Then the magnificent vast
Enfolds herself with silence and the dark.

Till far beyond the tree-tops in the park,
The strong young sun, gold-footed in the
 East,
Like a young reveller from a secret feast,
Leaps up the wakening sky.
And on the street,
A faint monotonous noise begins to beat,
Like throbbing of a war-drum far away,
To summon the new day.
Who comes with her sad eyes
New-risen from her morning sacrifice,
And with soft voice to say—
Hear then the old immutable decree
Unto all men that be—
Labour, that ye may eat.
O all ye toilers, wake again and sigh.
Men hear and men awake,
A wind blows over the lake,
And through the trees the last dawn-splendours die.

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